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## Charivaria

A NEW jigsaw-puzzle represents a map of Europe. It lacks realism, however—all the pieces fit.

○ ○

A Lanarkshire postman claims to have walked fifty thousand miles in twenty-seven years. And he's still knocking about.



According to an article in *Synopsis* fish have not yet discovered the existence of the English Channel; in their annual migrations from the Atlantic to the North Sea they still take the long route round the North of Scotland. Or is it just that they have their own traffic rules and keep left round the island?

○ ○

"That was too much even for Maxton. Like King Lear, he felt like saying:

'Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude!'" —*Daily Record*.

And, like King Lear, he refrained.

○ ○

As the part of the Wandering Minstrel in the film of *The Mikado* is played by an American there is a suggestion that it would be courteous to change the name of the character to "Yanky-Poo."

○ ○

"CHILDREN GROWING OUT OF GAS MASKS."  
*Newcastle Paper*.

So much then for the gooseberry-bush story.

○ ○

Scientists are experimenting with a view to obtaining alcohol from dough. The reverse process has been known for years.



A correspondent writes to ask whether the report in the daily Press, "Hand-grenade found in a London tramcar," is part of the Transport Board's scheme to "raise" the fares.

○ ○

"PERMS BY DIPLOMATISTS. ANY STYLE."

*Hairdresser's Advertisement.*

Deadlocks a speciality?

○ ○

A stage writer says you hear the same jokes in pantomime in Cape Town and Cardiff, in Wellington and Wimbledon. It's a wisecrack that knows its own father.

○ ○

A burglar who broke into a London house, stole a quantity of silver and consumed five bottles of ginger-beer has not yet been apprehended. One theory is that he escaped by air.



○ ○

We understand that the Committee cannot entertain the Swedish M.P.'s proposal that Herr HITLER should be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in view of the rule that no one can take the prize twice, and he has already had VON OSSIEZKY'S.

○ ○

A sports writer mentions that a well-known international centre-forward is now serving drinks in a country inn. Still putting them over the bar in fact.

○ ○

"2,000  
I.R.A. TERRORISTS  
IN BRITAIN  
EXCLUSIVE."  
*Placard of Sunday Newspaper.*  
Heavens! Exclusive of what?

○ ○

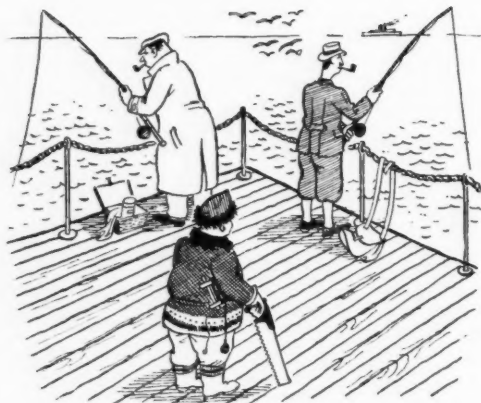
A Detroit hotel-keeper famous as an angler has just married his fourth wife. But you should have seen the one that got away.

## By All Means Bring Your Car

The Perils of Paris

(From Almost Our Own Correspondent)

Paris, Feb. 17.

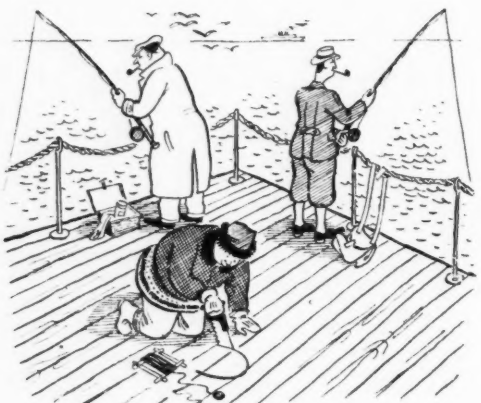


IF you have heard that a piercing blast on a police-whistle is likely to sound if you start to cross the road at the wrong place over here in Paris, don't let that worry you. Things have been happening lately here about the traffic. It is true that bicycles and tradesmen's tricycles are no longer officially allowed on the pavements of the busier thoroughfares, and that travelling circuses and menageries are now, by special ordinance, discouraged from opening up in the squares, but this doesn't make any difference to the bicycles or the travelling shows.

By all means bring your car when you visit us: it is really quite simple, all this business about the traffic-lights. It has been known for some time among the inner circle of Central European correspondents in Paris that disguised police-officers have been stationed at busy crossings to watch the effects of attempted discipline on the great French Republic while circulating itself. It has been known to just over five million Parisians too. Not that that would make any difference.

The sight of an Englishman, with a dignified yet slightly worried expression, playing what really amounts to an away match with the Parisian traffic, is still one of the few cheering spectacles left to the foreign correspondent. I would not want to spoil this. But at least let me explain about the traffic-lights and these new regulations.

It has to be admitted frankly that a certain amount of apprehension was felt at first in the best hit-and-run motoring circles over here about this call for control. It was feared that people, acting in a manner altogether un-French, might take heed and make some sort of attempt to discipline themselves. The Parisian is undoubtedly the best driver in the world, and old customs die hard here. The order of the bumper withstood the strain—if there ever was any strain. First up is still first past in Paris to-day. The bumper is freely offered, given, exchanged. In fact you can still drive about Paris as you will, for this is a great city, and make no mistake!



YOU want to understand, however, about these traffic-lights. There are all the usual rubber strips, and red, green and yellow lights about the controls they are putting up on all sides. But here is a difference for a start.

If you have been waiting patiently on the red for some time and you suddenly see, or think you see, yellow lights begin to flash intermittently all round—well, you probably have seen them, for that is what is liable to happen here. It means that all this red-green, stop-and-go stuff is called off, and from now on it is everyone for himself with the first up first past in the good old style. Officially this flashing yellow signal indicates—excuse our shaking sides—"Proceed with Caution." Pay no attention to that of course. It would be like offering the other man first smack in a prize-fight.

In Paris, in any event, the rule of the lights is as follows: A green light means accelerate, for all is clear. A steady yellow light means accelerate before it has time to change to red. A red light means accelerate to get over the crossing quickly before anything has time to hit you *en route*. A flashing yellow light means accelerate as you were going to accelerate anyway, but with this attractive privilege



officially added: you blow your second (or supplementary) horn in a kind of off-beat accompaniment to your principal (or fog-) horn, on which you have of course your elbow firmly pressed.

On some of the sharper corners you will find the new division posts, designed to divide the traffic into two streams. These posts are made of rubber and are hinged to swing at the base, passing under the car with a gratifying rumble if fairly charged. Unless in high spirits you had better ignore these posts, as other folk may want to use them.

Then there are those queer little mushrooms that you will find, let into the wood-blocks, along some of the boulevards and round the larger squares. To be strictly truthful their purpose is obscure. Many have inquired, but no official explanation of them is forthcoming. The gentle bumping as you drive over them is pleasantly reminiscent of a sea-swell or a milder type of switchback. To refrain from using them is ungracious and would set you down as eccentric. The light under the glass part of these mushrooms is kept burning night and day—a point which a Frenchman will tell you is of the greatest significance. Perhaps it is.

**Y**OU can park your car anywhere you like in Paris, and as long as it carries the fire of stationment you can leave it there all night. Most British cars do not seem to lock-up as effectively as French cars, and it is not advisable to leave your car all night. You never know who may be found sleeping in it when you come to use it in the morning. Even if it turns out to be only yourself, it is embarrassing.

You must keep in mind too that the gendarme (or *flic*) does not worry much about you over here. It does not matter to him what you get up to. There is a gentle tolerance. In fact he is, if anything, on your side. If you are ever in doubt about this, think of the newly-arrived wife of an American correspondent here.

She lost her head completely after having side-swiped a gendarme on point-duty at a deserted street-corner, and, throwing her hands to her face, let the car ride. Which it did—in a circle, coming up at the back of the surprised gendarme again just in time to strike him once more as he was scrambling to his feet. This time he took no chances, leaping for a refuge, but the car, answering now to the horrified correspondent's own wild passes at the abandoned wheel, intercepted him and chased him like a thing possessed over kerbs and pavements until it finally struck a lamp-post and stopped abruptly.

"Perhaps," suggested the gendarme from where he was treed halfway up that lamp-post, "you are satisfied now?"

"Why—yes," the correspondent stammered.

The gendarme slid gracefully down and without malice resumed his interrupted point-duties.

There remains the important question of decorum and street accidents. This is not lightly to be dismissed. I will reserve my next exclusive message for this.

#### Another Impending Apology

"The Misses —, who have resided in Royston for the past 12 years, left the town on Monday for their new home. They have endeared themselves with the social life here, and have made many friends who regret having to say 'Au revoir' but not 'Good-bye.'"

*Provincial Paper.*

"Five men, who were alleged to have taken part in an unemployed demonstration outside the Savoy Hotel last night, were at Bow Street to-day remanded for a week, at their own request, in order that they might be legally represented. They were charged with constructing the highway."—*Evening Paper.*

A serious offence. That should be done in the summer, when there's more traffic.

## Time Marches On

**I**F the new institution erected in our village be any criterion then there is much to be said in favour of this catering for the masses. It is all so advanced, so unmediaeval. For one thing, a mirror is installed, and in these days of casual public repair with lipstick and powder the womenfolk are able to enter and adjust any defects of make-up. Again, the building is situated in the centre of the village, just where the buses stop, and as no special shelter is provided this is a welcome amenity. It is true that owing to limited room all the passengers who would like to crush inside sometimes cannot, but there must be times when this happens at an actual bus shelter. Also the structure possesses a tight-fitting door and no one has yet objected to the temporary incarceration of an Airedale or Dalmatian which has followed you to the bus and declines to return home, no matter how well you have trained it. In the absence of a reference library the place partly remedies a long-felt want. Certainly a good dictionary and encyclopædia are lacking, but abridged public directories are available. Instead of having to ask among the neighbours for the address of some member of the bourgeoisie or gentry a villager merely goes to the new erection and flips the pages of one of the books. Best of all, a trades directory is supplied which covers not only the village but the surrounding towns. Now, instead of having to make inquiries as to where a certain article may be procured, people visit the new institution and turn up "Clippers—Cloth" or "Rabbit Skin Merchants" and then pay a call or drop a postcard. And these are only a few of the amenities offered by the kiosk. Why, for two pennies telephoning is available.



"For the fourth and we hope the last time, Sir, your bombing pigeon."

## No Jittering

(An anti-splash device for grapefruit-eaters was shown at last week's Invention Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall.)

**T**HE Reds are up and booing  
And no one seems to know  
What Anderson is doing  
(John Anderson my Jo).  
I have no deep-laid shelter  
Commodious and dry  
To run to helter-skelter  
When bombs are in the sky.

They tell me that the trenches  
Are full of fish and rain  
And bits of broken benches  
And bottles of champagne.  
They say the Air Raid Warden  
Who gave my mask to me  
Has gone to live in Morden  
Or else beside the sea.

When listless and desireless  
I sink into my chair  
Announcers on the wireless  
Attempt to raise my hair;  
I will not stand the croaker  
Who talks and thinks like that:  
I break him with my poker  
And cast him from my flat.

For sure there must be tidings  
More fit to soothe my ear  
Than rumours of collidings  
And sentiments of fear  
And tales of mighty legions  
That muster in a day  
And mobilise in regions  
A thousand miles away.

Tell me of sport and pleasure  
Tell me of kindly things  
Tell me of ancient treasure  
Hid in the tombs of Kings.  
Tell me about these covers  
Just lately put in use  
To screen our grapefruit lovers  
From blinding showers of juice. EVOE.

o o

## Assistant Masters: Are They Insane?

From the papers of A. J. Wentworth

**T**HE man Faggott continues to be a thorn in my side. Naturally as the next senior master I expected to be put in charge of the stationery-cupboard during Rawlinson's absence, but Faggott, so he says, was definitely instructed by the Headmaster when he took up his temporary position here to perform all Rawlinson's duties so far as possible, and it is typical of the man's dog-in-the-manger

attitude that he insists on interpreting the phrase to cover the supervision of stationery, despite his obvious lack of experience at work of this kind. This morning being Monday the cupboard was open from 9.0 to 9.30, and I thought it best to keep an eye on Faggott while the boys were coming up in turn for their requirements. As I expected, it was not long before I saw him handing out some of the special pink blotting-paper which is kept for Common Room use.

I thought it my duty to step forward and put him right at once, though I was careful to speak in a low voice in order not to discredit him in front of the boys.

"White blotting-paper?" he said, affecting to misunderstand me, and he handed me a couple of sheets without troubling to turn round.

"I do not require blotting-paper, thank you," I said curtly.

"You soak it up yourself, eh?" he replied, accompanying this meaningless remark with a wink which made my temper rise at once. But in view of the presence of a number of boys I controlled myself and merely said it was good news to hear Rawlinson would be up again in a day or two. I think he knew what I meant.

After this it was particularly galling to hear his praises sung so loudly by HIA during the first period after break. Apparently he has been currying favour with the boys by means of a certain facility he has for mechanical repairs, and also (and less surprisingly to those who know him) by boasting of his exploits in the War. Boys are extraordinarily easily taken in by men of his—I had almost said "flashy" type. As a result I was obliged to listen to a long account from Atkins of how Faggott had tunnelled his way out of a German fortress with a penknife, or some such nonsense, and when that was over Mason showed me a watch he had mended, and Hillman brought up a mechanical crane which had been newly soldered—not too well in my opinion, though I am no artisan—just above the base. I told Hillman, rather abruptly, for I was getting tired of all this, that the class-room was no place for cranes, and a voice immediately said, "Or pigeons"—an impertinent reference, or so I took it, to an occasion last term when a pigeon mysteriously flew out of my desk.

"Stand up the boy who said that!" I cried, and to my surprise the whole class rose to their feet. However, I am too old a hand not to recognise a concerted attempt at ragging when I see it, and I promptly decided to play them at their own game and beat them at it.

"You all said it?" I asked, only slightly raising my eyebrows. "Very well then, you will all be punished. A hundred lines each by to-morrow morning."

There was a chorus of "Oh, Sirs!" which I immediately suppressed by a threat to double the imposition, and Mason then asked whether Sapoulos had to do the lines as well. I had failed to notice that the little Greek boy had remained sitting while the others got up, and my suspicions were immediately aroused.

"Did you say it, Sapoulos?" I asked sternly.

"I beg to be excused, Sir," he replied.

There was a general laugh at his quaint English, but knowing that he meant to say "I beg your pardon?" I repeated my question: "Did you say 'Or pigeons'?"

"Or pigeons, Sir?"

"You heard what I said."

Sapoulos, instead of replying, kept repeating "orpigeons, orpigeons, orpigeons" over to himself in a puzzled tone until I lost all patience with the boy.

"Sapoulos!" I thundered, "did you or did you not say 'Or pigeons'?"

The silly boy, as I feared, now began to cry, and Mason volunteered the opinion that he probably thought "or





# PANDORA'S BOX

"Be a bit less gloomy—or I'll—"



*"I know ee said there'd be no war; but don't ee forget I've caught ee out in lies afore."*

pigeons" was one word and didn't know what it meant. I told him that when I wanted his advice I would ask for it, and added that as nearly half the period had already been wasted we should not do mental arithmetic, as I had promised, but instead would refresh our memories of Pythagoras. "And stop that groaning," I added sharply.

I had barely completed the construction on the blackboard when some boy—Mason again, I think—calmly announced without even troubling to hold up his hand: "Major Faggott says there's a much easier way of proving it than that—by trigonometry or something."

I walked to my desk and carefully balanced my chalk on the ledge. "Is Major Faggott teaching you geometry," I asked, striving to keep my voice under control, "or am I?"

"Neither," said Mason under his breath—but not quietly enough to save the whole set from being kept in for an hour this afternoon.

I attribute the indiscipline with which I had to deal this morning entirely to the influence of Faggott. When one of the staff, however temporary, swaggers about the place setting rules at naught, ridiculing the school customs,

smoking in the corridors and (as I actually heard at lunch to-day) openly admitting his intention of running up to Town to see one of the most *risqué* musical-comedies of the day, how can one expect the boys to remain uncontaminated? The last straw, to me personally, came this afternoon when in the hearing of several quite junior boys, including one new boy, he loudly addressed me as "The Great Wen"—a punning allusion, presumably, to the first syllable of my name. If it were not for an instinctive dislike of anything that savours of sneaking I should long ago have gone to the Headmaster. That I shall do only as a last resort. Meanwhile, as Gilbert says, there are other ways. . . .

H. F. E.

### Personality Parade

COLUMNUS, having heard that strip-tease pays, Bares his pink ego to the public gaze. The public pays its penny, peeps inside, And vows there's naught to show, still less to hide.

ALGOL.

## Cocktails 6-8

NOW that we've got to this party, let's go away.  
I know I spent ages doing my face  
And carefully glueing my hair into place,  
But now we've arrived let us quickly retrace  
Our steps—if we can, that's to say.

Propped up like smiling sardines we are standing  
Immovably wedged on this hot scented stair.  
I have talked to the Javanese Chargé d'Affaires  
For hours, and as nobody moves I despair  
Of reaching our hostess's landing.

I see her above looking handsome and terribly flushed,  
While around her there thunders from every door  
The bay of the thirst-maddened screaming for more;  
I hear someone crying "Excelsior!"  
And the moan of a woman crushed.

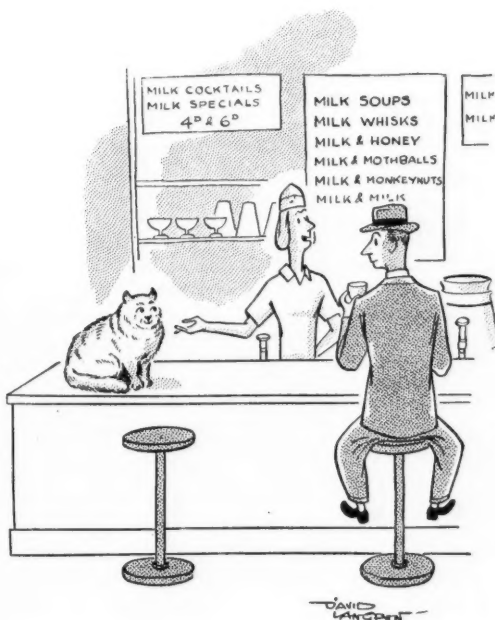
When we *do* reach dear Bridget—if ever—we'll shake hands  
and shout  
How lovely she is and it is and we are;  
Then let's make for the back-stairs instead of the bar,  
And purchase a taxi to carry us far  
From this bursting Belgravian rout.

o o

## Chairman's Remarks

MRS. OPENSHAW, please be careful with your decontamination boots! I cannot withstand a direct hit. Will the audience please evacuate the two back rows and occupy the neutral areas in the front of the hall? We are of course in no immediate danger. Colonel Arquebus Fellowes-Halberd, our lecturer, is not yet with us. I have just received a telephone-message to say that he is delayed. He has mislaid his specimens. He will lecture to us on the methods adopted by the inhabitants of the Andeman—no, sorry! of Vandee-man's—no! of the Andeman Islands to protect themselves from attack from the air during the War of the Spanish Succession. Please do not switch the lights off. The black-out will be held next week. Colonel Fellowes-Halberd is of course well known to us all. Mr. Rattray, are you ill? You breathe rather noisily. I should advise you to take off your gas-mask, otherwise you will not feel the benefit of it when you leave the hall. I need not tell you that Colonel Fellowes-Halberd rowed Seven in the Oxford crew of 1870."—(Loud and prolonged applause.)—"Please leave the lights on. Thank you. The representative of *The Weekly Monitor and Signal* wishes to take a photograph. No, *you* come in the centre, Lady Rampart. No, really, I haven't got my Temporary Assistant Warden's Badge on. Well, they've taken us now, anyway. What a cloud of smoke! This is worse than air-raids, isn't it? DON'T PUT THE LIGHTS OUT! Please resume your seats. The explosion was merely caused by the flashlight. Another picture? You wish to take the Canon in his gas-mask? But he says he can't get it on. Take Mr. Rattray; he can't get his off. Publicity is terribly important. After all, this is 1938."—(Cries of "No, it isn't; it's 1939.")—"Well, it's splendid to see everyone so keen. We may be slow starters but I'm sure we'll make a grand job of—of our job, what-

ever it is. And I may add that those who flatter themselves that it's going to be roses, roses all the way, flatter themselves."—(Cries of "Hear, hear," and "Let's have a window open.")—"I'm afraid the smoke from the flashlight is rather heavy. I really can't see a thing. Will you open the window at the end of the hall, Mr. Fillery—if it is a window? Is it a picture of Wellington and Blücher at Waterloo? Oh, well, that's an omen in a way, isn't it? Perhaps you might climb up into the roof and open a ventilator. Well, stand on your iron bucket and use the long-handled shovel. Never mind the mistletoe. It ought to be down by now anyway. PUT THE LIGHTS ON! In times like these it is the duty of every able-bodied man to remain exactly where he is. That is of course unless he's somewhere absolutely ridiculous. There must be no feverish activity, no rushing about. Is Mr. Rattray snoring? I am proud to think that in Little Hangover we have no funk-holes. And that, I like to think, is because we have no funk."—(Laughter and applause.)—"Everything has its lighter side. I remember in the Great Frost of '95—Dear me! Mr. Rattray has fallen right off his chair. This is where our first-aid unit will come in handy—when we get it. He seems to be awake again now. Well, as I was saying, there is no need for me to introduce Colonel Fellowes-Halberd to a Little Hangover audience."—(A Voice. "Especially when he isn't here.")—"but I will say without fear of contradiction that there is no man in this parish who served with greater distinction in the Zulu War than Colonel Fellowes-Halberd."—(Prolonged applause.)—"And there is no man with a more profound knowledge of falconry."—(Renewed applause.)—"But—here is Colonel Fellowes-Halberd."—(Applause *crescendo*.)—"He wishes me to apologise for the delay and to explain that, having mislaid his catalogue of antique weapons, he has decided to change the subject of his lecture. He will talk to us to-night on 'Favourite Wild-Flowers.' . . ."



"Can't understand it. She wandered in here the day we opened and simply won't leave the place now."



## At the Pictures

### THREE OLD STORIES

*The Ware Case* is really very good. To be serious, I suppose we must admit that it does not go deep into the springs of human conduct and that it expounds no mighty truth; but it makes an extremely entertaining picture which does not insult the intelligence and which, although British, is better than the full-size American "star-cast" picture in the same programme (*Service De Luxe*), and you might call that an event. This of course sounds unkind and perhaps rather cheap, but I am so sick of having to feel ashamed of the British half of a two-feature programme that I feel justified in saying it.

I don't know that CLIVE BROOK has ever done anything better than his portrayal of *Sir Hubert Ware*; certainly I never saw him do anything better. So often has Hollywood given him parts that called for nothing more than being suave and English that I had almost forgotten he could act, and it is a pleasure to see him making such a good thing of the part of the feckless kind-hearted gambler who is accused of murdering his unpleasant brother-in-law.

No other of the principals is quite so successful, but there are many good small-part players: FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN's prosecuting counsel and EDWARD RIGBY's broken-down bookie, for instance, are admirable; and the director (ROBERT STEVENSON) seemed to me to be successful all the time. JANE BAXTER, as *Lady Ware*, and BARRY K. BARNES, do their best with rather uninspiring parts. The film has pace and much incidental credibility—some of the detail in the court scene is particularly good—and is almost without a dull moment.

The elegant eighteenth-century story of the mechanical chess-player turns up again in the French film, *Le Joueur d'Echecs*. CONRAD VEIDT is the inventor, the *Baron de Kempelen*; and in a neatly-dovetailed plot he uses his device to smooth the course of love and help the escape of two Polish rebels, *Sonia* (his ward) and *Boleslas*, from the capricious vengeance of *Catherine II*. of Russia (FRANÇOISE ROSAY—a first-rate performance: far and away the

best of the *Catherines* I ever saw, and my film-going life seems to have been punctuated with them).

Perhaps the verisimilitude of much of the story does not quite fit with the fantasy of certain episodes; the killing of *Major Nikolaieff* (GASTON MODOT) by *Kempelen's* mechanical puppet-soldiers, for example, though its suspense and horror are excellently worked up, strikes one as a bit steep compared with the humorous and perfectly credible detail of life at the Russian Court. But perhaps the picture should be considered from the opposite angle and the verisimilitude regarded as out of place in a fantastic story.

This is a small point, though. It does



### CHESS MATE

<i>Baron de Kempelen</i> . . . . .	CONRAD VEIDT
<i>Mechanical Chess-Player</i>	
<i>Catherine II</i> . . . . .	FRANÇOISE ROSAY
<i>Potemkin</i> . . . . .	JACQUES GRETTILLAT

not, I think, strike one while one is seeing the film, which is thoroughly entertaining, good to look at and well done.

The ingredients of *Zaza* do not mix either. The American accent, the French accent, the "ninetyish" costume, the old-fashioned acts and tunes, the one or two songs in the modern idiom, the laugh-clown-laugh stuff, the romantic love, the self-sacrifice and the jokes about fleas together make a collection that left me as cold as a film has left me for some time. You know the story?—you should, after all these years: how the cabaret dancer, about to make trouble, is softened by the discovery that her lover has a wife and child. CLAUDETTE COLBERT makes up for a great deal, but not enough. Her beautiful French

accent when she refers to *Dufresne* (HERBERT MARSHALL) or *Floriane* (GENEVIEVE TOBIN) cannot make me believe that all these hackneyed manoeuvres are taking place in France—not with so many other people referring to her as *Zarzer*, and with BERT LAHR, HELEN WESTLEY and WALTER CATLETT about the place.

This wouldn't matter if the thing were really entertaining; but it's waste, in my opinion, of everybody's time.

I read that a scene in which one actually saw the fleas concerned has been cut out. Strange!

Most of the other new ones are not very-bright comedies. I went to see

*They're Off* because the RITZ BROTHERS were in it, but the film is poor stuff hardly worth sitting through for the sake of the few laughs. . . . *Cracker-jack*, in which TOM WALLS does his usual—misguided, I've always thought—Don Juan man-about-town boulder-outwitting act, is an extraordinarily naïf pseudo-Raffles story, with loose and unexplained ends lying about the ground like straw. NOEL MADISON appears as—can you guess?—an American gangster. . . . "Our GRACIE as we know and love her" is to be seen in *Keep Smiling*: no nonsense about trying to make a good film, of course—and with the usual result, of course (i.e., no good film). Here we have Miss FIELDS doing practically everything, from appearing in ill-fitting khaki and singing "They Call Me Barmy in the Army," to appearing in the village church and singing "The Holy City." Her fans will love it. The "plugged" song this time is, I gather, called "Swing Your Way to Happee Ness." It seems to be roughly the same one as usual; and don't worry, there's no Swing in it at all.

R. M.

"GERMANY BUYING MORE YARN."  
Daily Paper.

Dr. Goebbels's output is enormous.

"Boleros are appearing again, quite short, and worn over flared or pleated skirts. This fairly typical one has white bobble fringe round the edge, the material patterned with tyres."

To give that fashionable "run-over" look, presumably.



## Legacy

WHEN the telegram arrived announcing "Great-uncle Ernest has left us," it took Priscilla to remark intelligently and yet at the same time idiotically, if you see what I mean: "Left us what?"

As a matter of fact Great-uncle Ernest—cut off at ninety-eight and five months—had made, somewhere about the time of the Battle of the Alma, one of those rather difficult wills in which a number of people each get five-eighths, or nine-thirds, of whatever he had to leave; and the things that had to be divided up in this extraordinary way were things like furniture, and farm-implements and stock, and his collections of dried New Zealand grasses, photographic views of Scaw Fell in the 'seventies, and three volumes full of old recipes entirely built up on herbs that simply don't seem to exist any more.

One realised that Charles, to whose side of the family Great-uncle Ernest belonged, would have to go North and collect his five-tenths or whatever it might be of these trophies, and one could only beg him to remember that it has been difficult enough all these years to keep the moth out of the linen-cupboard and the green cupboard on the back-landing where the winter woollens spend those few weeks of the year when they aren't in active use, without the importation of two stuffed birds or a period-piece hearth-rug worked in red and green wool.

"I'm much more likely to bring back a couple of short-horns and a garden-roller," said Charles, and Priscilla and I told him with one voice that the wish was father to the thought, because the other legatees nearly all lived in the country too, and would certainly prefer to take their legacies from Great-uncle Ernest's farm and garden rather than from his mid-Victorian villa.

"Though at the same time," Priscilla added, "you'd better take a good look in the attics. Everybody I've ever known practically always tells you how their ancestors deliberately sent up the Sheraton dressing-table and the William-and-Mary tallboys to the attics and used the old Waterford-glass as bath-room tumblers."

Charles replied that there wasn't much room in Great-uncle Ernest's attic for anything except his gladstone-bag and the black horsehair trunk that had belonged to his grandmother, and that he'd never seen anything in the way of tumblers in the bathroom except an enamel shaving-mug.

Then he went.

"I still think," said Priscilla optimistically, "that he may get some marvellous old print or silver porringer or some kind of Heppelwhite chair. Where shall you put it?"

We were still undecided between the drawing-room bow-window and the spare bedroom when I discovered that it was time to start for whatever meeting the village happened to be holding that afternoon.

When I got back—late, because of having to drop the policeman's wife, owing to Miss Pin's two-seater having gone out of action and Miss Pin herself being obliged to get a lift from the Battlegates—I found Priscilla inclined to be quietly triumphant.

"There's been a telegram," she said. "I took it down myself over the telephone. And we're to fetch two little rout-chairs from the station at two o'clock this afternoon, Charles says."

"Two little rout-chairs?"

"Like Jane Austen and the Assembly Rooms at Bath. You know."

Well, I had to admit that I did in a way know.

"Dear little gilt chairs with spindle-legs," crooned Priscilla. "I think they'll look sweet in the drawing-room. And they may be intensely valuable. I only wish you were having the whole set, but I suppose it's been broken up. There couldn't have been less than a dozen to start with."

I at once admitted frankly that whatever the charm and value of the rout-chairs, I couldn't possibly have housed a dozen of them, and even as it was I didn't think it was going to be any too easy to fit two of them into the

back of the car on the way up from the station, when one would probably have to pick up the groceries as well, to say nothing of having promised to take Miss Pin into Bottle-St.-Barnaby to see about her two-seater.

"You can fetch the chairs another day," Priscilla said. "I daresay some more things will have come by then, and there isn't any hurry, though I'm longing to see them."

SO that the energies of that day were almost entirely devoted to Miss Pin and the frightful trouble she'd got into with a part of her car that, as she told the garage-man, she hadn't even known existed; and when Priscilla and I eventually reached home it was something of a shock to find five separate and distinct messages from the station asking that the pigs might be fetched without delay.

"Pigs?" one said.

"They arrived at two o'clock yesterday afternoon, and the station-master understood that they were to be met," Priscilla said, reading from the telephone-pad in a dazed kind of way.

"But I thought——"

"So did I. And Charles's telegram distinctly said——"

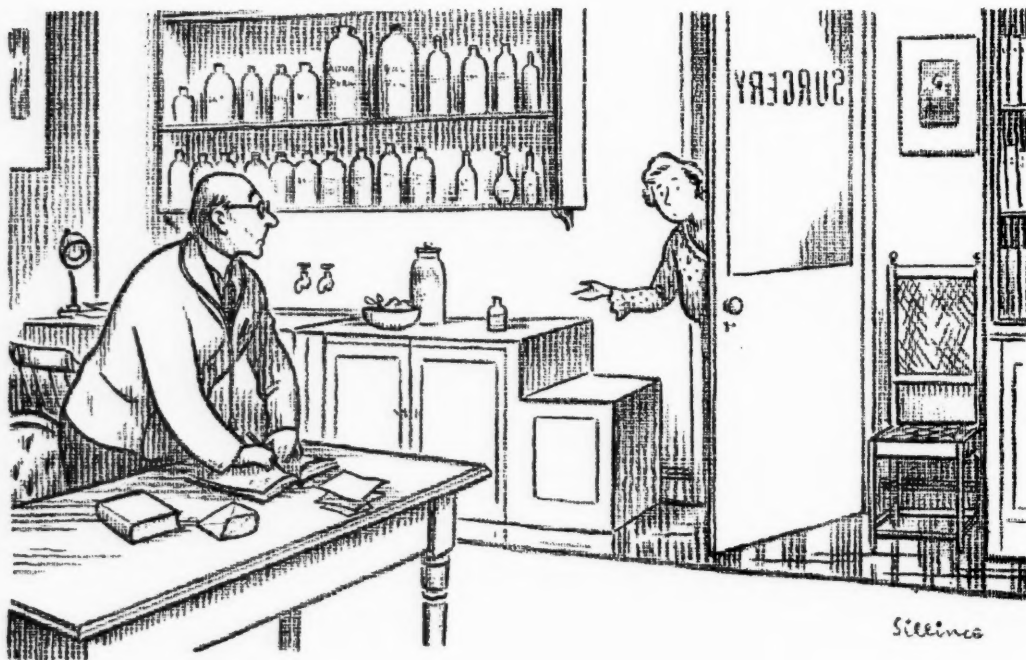
Priscilla, after looking behind the clock and inside two library-books, produced Charles's telegram from the pocket of her green coat, and we read it together.

Of course to some minds the words "saddleback gilts" might suggest chairs, Jane Austen and the Assembly Rooms at Bath.

E. M. D.



"Te ne fache toi, mon vieux. C'est un Anglais. Il ne peut pas nous comprendre."



*"The sirloin hasn't come, Robert; would herrings in tomato do as a locum?"*

## Moment Musical

*D'un Correspondant Parisien*

**M**ONSIEUR,—Il me fait grand plaisir de vous remettre l'air qu'on pourrait justifiablement nommer le "Hit" du moment.

Il se fait chanter dans tous les Clubs, par toutes les midinettes et, de fait, par tout le monde. Paris s'extasie.

Allons écouter, allons écouter  
Le jazz-band d'Alexandre;  
Allons écouter, allons écouter  
Le jazz-band d'Alexandre,  
C'est le meilleur orchestre du pays.  
Ils savent sonner la trompette,  
Comme vous ne l'avez jamais auparavant entendue  
Et d'une façon qui vous appelle à la guerre.  
C'est le jazz-band par excellence (mon petit chou).  
Allons-donc, allons-donc,

Donnez-moi votre petite main  
Afin que je puisse vous présenter au  
chef de musique;  
Et si vous désirez écouter se jouer en  
"ragtime"  
"Swannee Ribbaire"  
Écoutez-donc, écoutez-donc  
Le jazz-band d'Alexandre!

Charmant, n'est-ce-pas? Il y a encore un autre, aussi très populaire, dont j'espère vous envoyer le refrain pendant la semaine prochaine. Il s'appelle—

"Toutechose est des pêches dans la Georgie."

Agréez, Monsieur, les sentiments les plus distingués,

GUSTAVE.

## Up, the Dutch!—II.

ONE day at the Hague we did an Ice Hockey match and a case at the International Court of Justice. The first was America *versus* Canada; the second was Estonia *versus* Lithuania. America won the first, 2-1: the second is still proceeding and may continue for another month.

In spite of every discouragement Mr. Carnegie's Palais de Paix still stands among the ornamental woods and waters; and in these days, when the unfortunate League of Nations is so much knocked about, we do well to remind ourselves that the International Court of Justice still sits and operates in that Palais, sometimes for six months in the year.

But Peace is not news—and no one, we gather, pays due attention to the Court. This was the opening day of a new session. The case of *Estonia v. Lithuania in re the What-is-itski Railway* may well become a leading case. But the great panelled Chamber was almost empty, and the marble figures of Justitia and Veritas (the latter, we fancy, is the only nude in Holland) looked down a little sadly as the fourteen judges entered. We saw two pressmen only, and there was never a word of this big scene in any British paper. There were present, we judged, about five Estonians, six Lithuanians, a couple of Dutch, and ourselves.

The Entry of the Judges was grand. It needed music—just a touch of Sullivan; but it was grand. The international judges wear handsome black robes and pretty lace "bands" (or bibs). They are a formidable row of men, with noble brows and unfathomable eyes; and as an example to the Press of the world this journal (*pace* the Editor) will celebrate their names.

First there came M. Strandmann (of Estonia—specially added to the Bench for the purpose of this case), then Judge de Visscher (Belgium) and Judge Chang of China, Judge Van Eysinga (Holland—but we feel we may have spelt him wrong), Judge Altamira (Spain—who is the nearest thing to Mr. Bernard Shaw that we have seen, but even nobler) and Judge Rostworoski, the Pole.

Then the President, Judge Guerrero (not perhaps the most suitable name) of Salvador.

Behind him our own Sir Cecil Hurst, Vice-President, who sits upon his right. Next, believe it or not, M. Fro-

mageot, of France (after whom the Bench is known as the Fromageot Line), Judge Negulesco (Roumania) and Judge Nagaoka (Japan). Then the excellent Judge Manley Hudson (U.S.A.), Judge Erich (Finland—first appearance), and M. Romèris (Lithuania—special duty).

They sat down in that order, and it will be seen at once that good care had been taken to keep the Estonian and Lithuanian representatives as far apart as possible.

Three of the regular judges were absent—Anzilotti (Italy), De Bustamente (Cuba) and Urrutia (Colombia). (They tell me, by the way, that Signor Anzilotti is the best international judge of the lot—so what?)

Well, they sat down. If Judge Erich (Finland) had not made his first appearance that morning they would have sat thirteen, and we don't know what would have happened. But there he was; he stood up and finely recited the Oath of Allegiance or Something Similar, and the case of *Estonia v. Lithuania* was called.

Both parties were present in Court and Estonia took first knock.

Estonia (Professor ?—) was dressed in a frock-coat and spoke in French more French than a Frenchman's.

The case is about a railway which was built in the eighties by an Estonian (or Lithuanian?) company through Lithuania and Latvia and Estonia and the Ukraine and all those tiresome fringes of Russia. It is all mixed up with *la guerre mondiale* and the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, and the various stages of the Russian Revolution, and the Decree of June 1918 and what-not. Either Estonia or Lithuania claims that because Russia did (or did not) nationalize all industry the Estonian (or Lithuanian) company can bag the railway (or bits of it). Or something like that. During Estonia's long French speeches we assured ourselves that when they were interpreted into English we should fully understand all. But when the interpreters began we had a feeling that they must be skipping some important bits. Estonia, we thought, felt the same, for now and then he would give the interpreter a rather Continental look. At all events we shall not attempt to explain the issue any more.

Nor shall we pretend that there were

many thrills in the proceedings: we have seen Chancery disputes about contingent remainders which were more exciting. The cause of this is clear. There is not the usual cut and thrust of a court. There is no evidence, the facts are agreed, and the argument is purely legal, as in the House of Lords. But in the House of Lords there can be lots of fun. Just as counsel thinks he is getting away with his tricky argument some learned lord whom everyone supposed to be asleep or dead pops in a nasty question:

"Sir Richard, do you distinguish *Bottletree and the Metropolitan Water Board*?"

Sir Richard then has to think of a good quick answer, and by the time he has done that some other noble lord has thought of another nasty one. This is where the big King's Counsel earn their money.

But here the Judges sit absolutely mum; twelve great jurists, hand-picked from the Courts of the world; and they might be dumb—it is a pity. We longed to hear M. Altamira put a nasty one to Estonia, followed by a snorter from Fromageot or De Bustamente. What nasty ones they could probably put! At least five of them have been Foreign Secretaries in their time.

But this, it seems, is never done—the reason being that a quick reply from the Professor might unfairly commit his country. We see the point, but we dismiss it. A pity. For this great Court should be big entertainment, one of the spectacles of the world. Men should flock to the Hague to see this and nothing else; and if it could have a little of the life of the ordinary court—why not?

For in essence it is exciting, is it not, enlightened reader? Here are two countries which have accepted the jurisdiction of the Court and gone peaceably to law. And when you recollect that they belong to that rather irritable part of the world, where other methods are more in favour—well, you see the point, perhaps?

The Court has been operating for eighteen years, and in no case has any nation gone against its decisions.

So let us give it a hand. Pop in, traveller, and cheer the judges up. The next two cases are *Belgium v. Bulgaria* and *Belgium v. Greece*. And this one should last for five weeks, so you have plenty of time. A. P. H.



"Are you for or against Chamberlain's policy."

## The Romance of a Plumber

Rescue at The Gables

DEAR GEORGE,—After what occurred the other night I realise the worst trials of life take place out of court. It happened like this. Last Sat Lucy asked the people from The Gables opposite to tea as it looked like being a wet afternoon anyway. The husband came toosel and said my so called better half is disimproving herself at the movies, oh these films these films these films. Quite I said. Is your wife a filmmaniac? he said. She was gone on Robt Taylor but it never ripened I said, as far as I know. Milly is Clark Gable crazy he said, she has got an autograph photograph of him she says nighty night to and then says to me why if it isnt Donald Duck, which irks as my mouth does not pertrude all that much, she even wants to rename the house The Clark Gables, she squanders my all so I never have a bob to call my own or even walk out with. Cher chez la femme I said. Pardong? he said. French proverb I said, meaning its dear with a woman in the house, were you well off before wedding? Yes he said, but didnt know it then.

Then his wife came and said afternoon both, hullo you, I have just seen a beautiful picture. In the hall? Lucy said, thats me at sixteen and I was considered plain then. The barometer says no change too she said, but I allude to this weeks film masterpiece of the age, at long last Clark has noticed me. Now Ill tell one Lucy said. I do not lie she said, I sit habitual in the fourth seat of the fifth row of the nines and today Mr. Gable suddenly turned away from Miss M. Loy and smiled right at me, in another two or three films we should be on speaking terms, then its what ho for me in Hollywood and Hollywood in raptures. Milly her husband said, I fear nothing will take you from me barring natural causes. Well she said, Miss Nell Gwynn was spotted by K. Charles and kind of adopted. Aha I said, but where Mr. Gable lives oranges grow on his doorstep and anyway maybe he is not as keen on them as Charles Rex was.

These perishing films are not true to life her husband said. Poof she said, because you once saw a French film trailer you think yourself one of the highbrows, these films are true to what life ought to be and what I says goes. Yes he said, in one ear and out the other. Look at you she said, what a

ration of romance for anyone, you couldnt even attract a leech you. Please please Lucy said, dry up do. My dear Mrs. T. the wife said, in a moment I will start throwing things and I dont mean kisses, you did not ought to put your spoke in a connubial how do you do at your age. What do you mean my age? Lucy said. You know she said. Kindly push the table back William Lucy said, and tell Mother I died fighting. Come Milly the husband said, I fear tea is not the only thing being strained so they went.

Oh that wicked word of a woman Lucy said, she makes me say words I didnt even know I knew and said them. Shush I said, she maynt be as bad as what she is painted. What woman could these days? Lucy said.

Well next night I was dreaming of buying Lucys Mother a saddle for her high horse when suddenly Lucy said someone is playing merry hell with the moon, it was shining fawn but is now ruddy in a nice refined way. Perhaps the cold has made your eyes bloodshot I said. William she said, I fear a fire is afoot. I went to the window and there was The Gables burning like righteous indignation. Lucy I said, we must banish feudal thoughts and summon succour. I re-clothed and broke the corner alarm and in consequence and five mins up comes the fire engine replete with men, boys on bikes and a tight gentleman who said he was Nero though I doubt it.

The head hosier knocked at the door and the husband put his head out and said well? Mustnt grumble the fireman said, stand away you boys, do you know as how your house is burning up and maybe down? Ho? the husband said, they



"Seven parcels, and you must drop the one with the eggs!"



tell me Qn Anne is pretty poorly too. Local gossip apart Sir the fireman said, shall we effect a rescue or just rescue the effects? I shall not warn you boys no more, clip their ears Ernest. Milly insists I wait while she puts her complexion on the husband said, though I say why ice a stale cake, still oh revoor I hope.

At last they came out but she said I think I look more fetching in that puce kimono with the yellow dragoons on, get it. I am not quite a fool he said. She said who says? He said me. She said ha. He said dont you ha at me. She said I will ha at such as I wish to ha at, ha ha. A bystanding gent said to a small boy this is love Cedric, does that answer your question? but the small boy fled the scene.

Suddenly the wife gave a bloodcurdler and said I must save him I must I must. Who? the fireman said. Clark Gable she said and ran in. Is this hereditary Sir? the fireman said, or is she concussed? No the husband said, she has got him framed. Coo the crowd said, Clark Gables inside, it is a frame up, run and fetch Mother etc etc.

Then the wife appeared at the top window and said oohoo will a handsome man kindly save me via the fire escape as in the films? The husband moved but the fireman said no Sir, we never allow husbands to save wives as if they drop them it is hard to prove impartiality, anyway you are not handsome, me and the boys will hold a sheet Madam which you can jump into. Never she said, I claim a ratepayers right to be saved romantically or I will perish alone and unafraid. Thats the best idea she has had yet the fireman said, but we cannot permit same as people are only entitled to perish under brigade supervision, anyway why doesnt the woman walk downstairs as the fire is now completely quenched?

Look Lucy said, you attend to the valuables and I will salvage this soandso and ere I could say her nay had gone. The wife was busy doing a I am a queen of tragedy act when suddenly she fell all of a heap. Coo the crowd said, shes fainted, this is where Gable does his stuff but ere long out came Lucy with the wife over her shoulder. A beam must have fell on Millys head the husband said, she has a regular Gibraltar on the head, speak to me Milly. How can I when Im unconscious you fool she said, and became so. When the crowd gathered round they said why it is merely a mere woman rescuing another mere woman, someone ought to write to someone re people wasting peoples time, come on home do.

Next evening her husband called and said Twiss that fire was a blessing in wolfs clothing. Mr. Gables photo seems to of perished and the beam that biffed Milly certainly done her good as she says to hell with romance and intends to be a model wife. A working one I hope Lucy said. Thanks for the rescue Mrs. T. he said, though Im surprised you did in view of the to do between you.

Well Lucy said, I did think of leaving her to her fate but thought whats the use? if she loses this life she will still have eight more left, good evening.

Later she said incidentally William where shall I hang this autograph photograph, I shall have to reframe it as the old one got somewhat bent. Lucy Lucy I said, what does this betoken? Well she said, all I will say is that Ive always said Clark Gable is just the sort of fellow to knock sense into a silly woman. Oh Lucy I said. With she said.

Well George how can there be any doubt of women being equal to men when they are equal to absolutely anything. I hope you are well and am

Your affect friend

WILLIAM TWISS.

P.S.—Lucy says no George, the reason the Govt lists reserved workers is to let certain gents know that those who *wont* be staying at home are the forward fellows who are always making advances.



"Y' know, really, I could almost write a book about this place."

### The Resourceful Buyer and the Lifeless Building

A RESOURCEFUL Buyer, who was sick of waiting about unattended and unsung in establishments alleged to be devoted to the practice of wholesale distribution, again had occasion to visit one of these pathetic survivals of an unenlightened past and found as usual that those in charge of the various sections of this particular mausoleum were apparently either comatose, partially mummified or completely disembodied. At any rate his presence was entirely undetected by any living creature, if such existed there, and, after various unavailing attempts to attract any signs of life in his direction, he walked boldly into the catacombs with whose topography he was well acquainted and himself extracted his various requirements. Having made a satisfactory selection of merchandise, he scrupulously entered them up to himself on approval in the volume reserved for that much-abused system. When he had efficiently carried out this intricate operation he placed two carbon copies in the goods, tipped the consignment into the shoot, saw it precipitated into the bowels of the earth and, hoping for the best, hastily withdrew from the depressing precincts. After many days the bread he had cast upon the waters miraculously reached him. He concluded, not without reason, that in the lowest corners of the gaunt building there must have been some form of human activity—perhaps a lonely packer returning occasionally to moments of consciousness; but when in due course no part of the consignment was ever charged up to him he knew, not without a pang of sorrow, that life was now extinct.

Moral: DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.



AT HOME—THE ARTIST

### *From Hollywood*

**H** EARD you that noise, that world-resounding  
clamour?  
From Hollywood, from Hollywood it rose  
Where cameras reel out what's called the drammer  
And stars breathe radiance, sometimes through the nose;  
Does it not make your very liver crinkle,  
Does it not stun you with its blinding force?  
*Miss Thingamy*, that star of purest twinkle,  
*Has once again applied for a divorce.*

Thrice, I believe, this interesting creature  
Had seen successive wedlocks dawn and wane,  
And yet, despite Experience, that grim teacher,  
She tried her fourth, and here we are again;  
Forlorn anew, for each new loss forlorn,  
Hardly, one thinks, she'd care to be alive,  
Unless she's got some young man round the corner  
Whom she envisages as No. 5.

And he, that fourth, mayhap a minor co-star,  
Weep we for him, or can this function be  
An amicable break—I gather most are—  
As may have chanced with Nos. 1 to 3?  
Does he regard the blow as past all healing  
Or seek a brisk change to another bride  
(Say No. 10) without the least ill-feeling  
And nothing but goodwill on either side?

I know not, nor regard the paltry fellow;  
But she'll have solace, when the job's complete.  
In loud advertisement's most sounding bellow,  
And, well she knows, advertisement is sweet:  
Then, if a No. 5 there be, may heaven  
Shine on them twain, and so forbear to mix  
Her being up with that of No. 7,  
To whom she'd move by way of No. 6.

DUM-DUM.



### THE HIGHEST CAUSE

"Whoever recognises *you*, I hope you will recognise *me*."

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## Impressions of Parliament

### Synopsis of the Week

**Monday, February 13th.**—Commons: Committee stage of Cancer and Czecho-Slovakia (Financial Assistance) Bills concluded.

**Tuesday, February 14th.**—Lords: Export Guarantees Bill given Second Reading. Dangers of live rails discussed.

Commons: Share - Pushing and Czecho-Slovakia (Financial Assistance) Bills given Third Reading. Discussion on foreign residence of Food Controller.

**Wednesday, February 15th.**—Lords: Railways, Road - Smashes and Horses.

Commons: London Rating (Sites Value) Bill rejected. Debates on Commercial Education and British Propaganda.

**Monday, February 13th.**—A scrappy day, but interesting.

Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON asked leave to move the adjournment so that he might call attention to the P.M.'s refusal, during Questions this afternoon, to promise not to recognise General FRANCO while the Republican Government still functioned; but Mr. SPEAKER ruled that the matter could not reasonably be described as one of urgent public importance.

The Front - Bench Information Bureau was kept very busy on the subject of Spain. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN described how, after full consultation with the French Government, H.M.S. *Devonshire* had carried a representative of General FRANCO to Minorca, where the surrender of the island had been

arranged and a great deal of futile bloodshed avoided. He also read to the House a telegram from the Consul at Parma saying that the Naval authorities on the insurgent side deeply regretted the bombing which had taken place during the negotiations and which they declared was in disobedience to orders.



THE HOOKING OF THE SHARK

MR. OLIVER STANLEY

Mr. Punch, who urged some weeks ago the need for camps, both for holidays and possible evacuation, was gratified to learn from a written answer of the PRIVY SEAL'S that as usual in the end the Government have taken his advice. The Exchequer is putting up a million pounds, and to begin with fifty camps are to be built, each to hold three hundred and fifty.

Several amendments to the Cancer Bill were accepted by the Government to block up loop-holes through which unscrupulous advertisers could still offer bogus remedies to gullible sufferers. They were proposed by a newspaper proprietor, Mr. STOREY, who said that all the reputable sections of the Press had long refused to print advertisements of this kind.

In the Committee stage of the Czech Loan Bill discussion centred mainly on whether the Munich Agreement was being broken where it had specified that there was to be a right of option into and out of the transferred territory. Mr. BUTLER admitted that though Czechs, Slovaks and Jews were being allowed free choice, Germans were not; and he was reminded that German Democrats were the most in danger, Mr. BOOTHBY and Sir JOHN HASLAM reinforcing the indignation of the Opposition and urging that pressure should be brought to bear on Berlin.

Sir SAMUEL HOARE declined to be impressed by the accusations brought by the Labour Party against the police for their handling of the "Arms for Spain" crowds last week. Mr. SILVERMAN reported a lady who declared she had only been saved from official savagery by the possession of a class-symbol in the shape of a mink-coat, and another spectator who had compared the mounted constables unfavourably with Cossacks. To this and similar charges the HOME SECRETARY retorted that the police had behaved with great restraint throughout a very difficult evening, and that neither he nor the Commissioner had received a single detailed complaint. He agreed, however, to make a personal inquiry into some of the cases quoted during the debate.

**Tuesday, February 14th.**—The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in the Bill to amend the Official Secrets Act, in the Lords to-day, and the Export Guarantees Bill was welcomed on all sides. The Government declined to take the Southern Railway to task for the inadequate fencing of its electrified lines to the South Coast, which, according to Lord KILMAINE, was a danger to children and dogs.

When the P.M. announced that Members would each be allowed to bring a lady to the Parliamentary reception which is to be given to the French PRESIDENT and Mme. LEBRUN, Miss HORSBRUGH was quick to ask if



REVISITING A DISUSED BURIAL GROUND

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON'S short-lived London Rating Bill was discussed immediately after the introduction of the Disused Burial Grounds (Amendment) Bill.



ONLY A BEGINNING

Sir John Anderson. "PENGUINS LAY MORE THAN ONE EGG, DON'T THEY?"



*"Look here, Mr. Parkinson—you joined this expedition as coleopterist. D'you think you're making good?"*

lady Members might bring a man, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was equally quick to say Yes. The identity of the chosen escorts will now arouse the widest interest.

After Amendments had been accepted right and left in the most friendly atmosphere, Mr. STANLEY got a Third Reading for the Government's Bill to stop the peddling of bogus securities. It did Mr. P.'s R. good to see Mr. TOM JOHNSTON, the Share-Pusher's Scourge, beaming across from the Opposition Front Bench at Mr. STANLEY on the Treasury Bench, and Mr. STANLEY beaming back at Mr. JOHNSTON.

*("Steward, who are those handsome strangers in the Distinguished Share-pushers' Gallery? They look sad.")*

*"So would you, Sir, if Mr. Johnston was after you.")*

An attempt was made to qualify women for membership of the Stock Exchange, but it was firmly rebuffed by Mr. CROSS, who pointed out that Stock Exchanges were private bodies

which made their own rules about membership.

*("You know, Steward, I may be reactionary, but I don't believe I could ever get used to saying, 'Hullo, is that you, Gladys? What about nipping into Boomerangs while they're still coming back?")*

*"Very natural, I feel, Sir.")*

Seriously, everyone who is not a shark should be very grateful to Mr. JOHNSTON.

Later in the evening stern words came from each corner of the House on the decision of the new Food Controller for London, Major-General Sir REGINALD FORD, to live in Belgium, and on the Government's intention to pay him a retaining fee of two-hundred-and-fifty guineas a year while he was thus avoiding British income-tax. After defending the appointment and taking full personal responsibility for it, Mr. STANLEY admitted that he was impressed by what had been said and promised to think it all over.

Wednesday, February 15th.—A brief

debate in the Lords on the depressing condition of the railways got no one very much further. Lord MONKSWELL criticised the policy of electrification and made the assertion, difficult to substantiate, that wages were too high. In reply Lord ERNE reminded the House that the Government would soon have the current claims of the railways before them.

In the Commons everything else was overshadowed by the CHANCELLOR'S announcement of his intention to ask Parliament's permission to raise another loan of four hundred million pounds for defence; but after Mr. HERBERT MORRISON had said a number of rude things about landlords and had failed to get leave to introduce his L.C.C. Rating Bill, there were two excellent debates on Private Members' motions. Mr. SOMERVILLE pleaded that educational authorities should consult together to bring suitably-trained brains into commerce, and Mr. GRANT-FERRIS urged the Government to give more attention to British publicity abroad. Both motions were agreed to.

## Uncle in the Wood

**I**F a manager cannot insist upon prosperity for his business he can, I resolve on the first of January, at least require punctuality from his staff. I accordingly arrive early at my Cairo office, note that Monsieur Yacoub is again late, sit down at my desk with my watch before me and give instructions that he is to report to me immediately he arrives. When he puts in a deferential and breathless appearance I look coldly at the watch.

"Monsieur Yacoub," I say sternly, "you are half-an-hour late and I am determined that in this office lateness is to be a thing unheard of. What is your reason?"

Monsieur Yacoub, who is small and emotional, turns pale and swallows several times.

"Monsieur le Directeur," he says at last, "to be late is a fault—the gravest fault—and often it has preyed upon my mind. But the reason"—he spreads out his hands to indicate the insurmountability of this reason—"is my nephews."

"Comment?" I say incredulously. "Your nephews? Can a man's nephews make him late in the morning?"

"Alas! Monsieur," says Monsieur Yacoub, "they are wicked boys. This morning they refused to go to school—the good school of the Fathers to which I their guardian have sent them. For an hour I have implored them."

"Tiens!" I say, somewhat taken aback, "what a thing it is to be an uncle!" I shrug my shoulders. "But listen, Monsieur," I say firmly, "you must be more severe with these boys, for unpunctuality is a thing intolerable to me."

A week later, however, Monsieur Yacoub is late again.

"How is this?" I say angrily. "Did I not forbid you to be late?"

Monsieur Yacoub looks at me with tears in his eyes.

"Monsieur le Directeur," he says, "I

regret it infinitely, but it is my nephews. They will not work. All day they sit in the café, smoking and drinking and wasting their money. For an hour I have remonstrated with them."

"Comment!" I say in amazement. "Last week they were at school, and already they are smoking and drinking in the café? What precocity is this?"

"But no, Monsieur," replies Monsieur Yacoub sadly, "these are the elder boys. But the younger ones are still equally bad. Last night they would not do their homework. Until midnight I was with them."

I am, I hope, a patient man, but when for the third time these black-hearted nephews make Monsieur Yacoub half-an-hour late in the morning I determine that somehow this tyranny must end. I therefore decide upon an appeal to Monsieur Yacoub's pride.

"Come," I say, "you are an ambitious man who wishes to get on and reach a position of responsibility. But when the Directors in England ask about you and I have to say that you are a man who cannot even control his own nephews they will be disgusted. They will say here is a man who is not fit to be a clerk. He must be made office-boy."

Monsieur Yacoub appears to be strongly moved by these remarks. After making a series of gestures indicating mortification, despair and the dawn of a new resolve he suddenly draws himself up to his full height.

"Monsieur le Directeur," he says, "you are right. I have been weak. But to-morrow everything will be different." He swells his chest and dilates his nostrils. "Listen!" he cries, "this is what I shall say to my nephews." He looks me fiercely in the eye. "'Squanderers,' I shall say, 'ingrates, idlers! I have been too patient with you. But now the end has come. I no longer permit that you remain in my house. Take note that this very day you seek for work or I throw you out into the

street!'" He pauses for breath. "And then," he continues magnificently, "if they do not listen I take my boot and I kick them out. So!"

"Excellent!" I say approvingly, "this is how an uncle should behave."

The next morning Monsieur Yacoub arrives most punctually and there is about him the exalted air of one who has turned over a new leaf.

"Alors?" I say, "you have spoken to the nephews? Even now perhaps they are eagerly seeking work?"

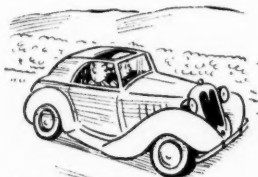
"I have spoken," says Monsieur Yacoub with shining eyes; "and how, Monsieur, can I ever be sufficiently grateful for your advice. Ah, what remorse, what penitence have my nephews displayed! How the younger ones have wept, how have they promised to get scholarships, to work unremittently for the *baccalaureat*! With what manly shame have the elder ones abjured the café! Never again shall I be accused of being late!"

I am very pleased. This is excellent, I say to myself. The nephews are reformed, the uncle is a new man and therefore he will have no further excuse for unpunctuality.

**B**UT the next week Monsieur Yacoub is once more half-an-hour late.

"What now?" I ask in despair. "Have the nephews already forgotten their resolutions? Am I to hear perhaps that they are in prison? Or that the younger boys, unnerved by your severity, have run away from home?"

"Mais non, Monsieur," he replies, "my nephews, as I hope you will inform the Directors in England, remain a model of what nephews should be. But I myself, Monsieur le Directeur," he spreads out his hands, "now that I have no anxieties I have nothing to do in the evening. I go to the café and the nephews say that I am wasting my time. For an hour this morning they kept me, remonstrating with me."





## At the Play

### "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD" (MERCURY)

LONG ago I drew up a list of the similarities between the Irish and the Russians, and, like all really sweeping generalisations, it still tempts me; indeed I still find it startling. I can offer no revolutionary theory of race to support it, but the fact remains that both peoples are great theorists and poor executants; immensely dramatic talkers with a vocabulary of great breadth; mystic, philosophic and unusually aware of the world of the mind; very witty, very lazy and very melancholy; romantics and yet notably ruthless; and in addition to these common qualities they both distil a spirit of the sheerest flame and they both live on tea. Surely there is a deep significance in all this, if one could only think what?

In his preface to this splendid play SYNGE, writing in 1907, said: "In Ireland for a few years more we have a popular imagination that is fiery and magnificent and tender, so that those of us who wish to write start with a chance that is not given to writers in places where the springtime of the local life has been forgotten, and the harvest is a memory only, and the straw has been turned into bricks." If SYNGE could go back to Mayo to-day I believe he would find so little changed that he would be able safely to extend his "few years" into an indefinite period.

He would find a countryside in which the heart-breaking battle still went on between the drabdest of poverty and such unspoilt beauty as is not left in many parts, the one driving men away to look for work in a less anaesthetic climate and the other luring them back to spend the rest of their days in rags leaning over gates and speaking richly of the past. He would find the models which he studied so closely in cabin and public-house unaffected by attempts to make embarrassed school-children twist their tongues over a lost language and by all the other conceits of a jealously retrospective nationalism. He would find them still people in whom childlike kindness and primitive cruelty were curiously blended—people who

stood fascinated all their lives by the dazzling embroidery of the words which surged out of them.

If ever there was one, this is a tragedy-comedy. It is funny nearly all the



LEFT OVER FROM THE WAKE

Michael James Flaherty . MR. HARRY HUTCHINSON

time, with a robust ironic humour, and yet much of it is a blunt statement of squalor and futility. *Christy Mahon*, its hero, the boy who snatches a passing glory from a life of monotony by posing in a little hamlet as a man of ungovernable passion who has cleft his father to the breeches with one

stroke of a loy, is not only a vastly comic figure but also in himself a savage criticism of the crushing littleness of remote Irish life. When his father returns from the grave with no more than a headache to show for his fabled bisection, and *Christy's* worshippers whip round in fury at finding their brave murderer no more than a lying boy too feeble of arm to wield a loy in the grand manner, when *Christy*, roped up, has burning turf pressed against his trousers by *Peegen Mike*, the girl he was about to marry, and when his father comes back from a second murder, which has only thickened his headache, to drag *Christy* away, we laugh uproariously, but we do so with a lump in our throats.

This production is admirably staged and the whole evening rings true, which is more than can always be said of Irish plays put on in London. It is very easy to imagine, if you are that sort of person, that you are sitting in *Michael Flaherty's* bar yourself after a long day with a rod on the loch behind.

MISS MAIRE O'NEILL, who was the original *Peegen Mike* and earned fame in the part, plays the *Widow Quin* superbly, with terrible ogling and a laughter so harsh that it would silence Billingsgate. *Peegen* is taken by Miss PAMELA GIBSON, and taken very well, with spirit and charm and the right coltish air of being only partly broken in. Mr. JOHN CHANDOS plays *Christy* and makes convincing the boy's uncertainty as to how much of a victim

he is of his own imagination, and that is the test of the part. Occasionally he spoke too fast to be quite clear; otherwise the diction was excellent. Of the others Mr. TONY QUINN as *Shawn*, Mr. HARRY HUTCHINSON as *Michael* and Mr. BRENN O'RORKE as *Old Mahon* are very accurately cast and give a sound account of themselves. ERIC.

### "GAS LIGHT" (APOLLO)

What is there about Victorian England that makes it so effective a setting for murder stories? Perhaps it is mainly the genius of CONAN DOYLE and the memories of the rooms in Baker Street, but certainly, when the men in bowler-hats apprehend the murderer at the end of *Gas Light*, the thrill and the satisfaction is



RAGS AND RIVALS

Christy Mahon . . . . . MR. JOHN CHANDOS  
Peegen Mike . . . . . MISS PAMELA GIBSON  
Widow Quin . . . . . MISS MAIRE O'NEILL



something we would not feel if the setting were of the present day. *Gas Light* needs this Victorian setting and lives in it as an extremely exciting thriller. In a modern setting we might have grown impatient with *Mrs. Manningham* as a wife too lacking in spirit, too easily acquiescent in the idea that she is entirely within her husband's power. But Mr. HAMILTON very deftly suggests the whole background of a world before the Married Woman's Property Act and before divorce was a first immediate thought in matrimonial difficulties; and the villain of his piece, played by Mr. DENNIS ARUNDELL, is a very fine example of the Victorian master of the house, the type of man so well described in G. K. CHESTERTON's *Autobiography* as having effectively removed nearly all the restraints on his own liberty while extending very little liberty to his own household. This note of domestic tyranny is struck at the outset as we watch the bells being needlessly rung to fetch the staff, *Elizabeth* and *Nancy*, in their heavy uniforms, and it prepares us to watch the bullying of *Mrs. Manningham*—a bullying skilfully designed to destroy her confidence in herself and to make her doubt her reason.

*Manningham* is an immensely bad lot but not a very successful criminal, and it is a weakness of the play that he is not provided with an adequate motive for this attempt at murder by induced insanity. Still, it is just as exciting if we consider him a little mad as if we consider him a clear-headed master-criminal. When we learn that when he goes out of the house the gas goes down because it has gone up on another and secret floor, we are not less thrilled because these constant visits to the top-storey are a desperate search for long-hidden jewellery.

It is curious that so skilful a dramatist as Mr. HAMILTON should provide so many masterly moments of excitement and yet have contented himself so easily with a needlessly improbable general structure. If *Manningham* had been a coinor, or engaged in some other branch of crime that required a secret laboratory, it would have been much more convincing, and the fear that his wife was beginning to suspect would have provided a plausible motive for his determination to rid himself of her. As it is, he is still hoping to reap the benefit of a murder he committed some twenty years before. He has taken this house to search in it. All this

and much more we learn from the admirable *Mr. Rough* (Mr. MILTON ROSMER), a retired detective who has got track of *Manningham* through the garrulousness of the maid *Nancy*. Miss ELIZABETH INGLIS is quite excellent as



THE MAN ABOUT TOWN

Mr. Manningham. Mr. DENNIS ARUNDELL



SOMEONE TO LEAN ON

Mrs. Manningham. Miss GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES  
Mr. Rough. Mr. MILTON ROSMER

this pert minx, whose domestic uniform and outward submissiveness are the cloak for an extremely high-spirited and unfastidious nature. Mr. MILTON ROSMER's detective is the most reassuring of John Bulls, and he is able to help *Mrs. Manningham* through the crisis of her life.

Miss GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES brings almost too much poignancy to the part of the oppressed wife, and a great deal of the success of the evening is due to her. She makes us realise that it is touch and go, that we are all the time on the verge of complete tragedy, and if she had been less effectively at her wits' end in the earlier Acts we would not accept and condone as we do the needless gloating of her revenge.

Where Mr. HAMILTON excels as a dramatist is in devising incidents which are bound to produce immediate and exciting consequences. There is no waste of speech or action, and yet everybody seems not to be speaking pre-arranged parts but coming naturally to the point. He deserves the highest praise for this skilful manipulation of a household of four so that what happens, with all its intense excitement, is made to arise naturally in its Victorian middle-class setting.

Mr. DENNIS ARUNDELL plays the villain with a restraint which makes him much more dangerous, so that we are a little surprised when in the last Act, which is not indeed the strongest, he proves as easy as he does to collect and bring to justice. Not for Mr. HAMILTON the favourite convention by which murderers are allowed to commit suicide at the end of plays and books, when the Queen keeps strong gallows for just such cold-blooded scoundrels as this. D.W.

### Thought

THE other night my Missis says to me,  
"You ain't so thoughtful as you used to be."  
Ho! thoughtful, is it? Well, I told 'er flat,  
I got too much to think about for that.

### Good Work, Boys

"The Lomas de Zamora fire brigade was soon on the scene and helped by members of the railway personnel were able to reduce the two carriages to a smouldering heap."

Buenos Aires Herald.

## Challenge to Mugworts

I CAME upon it suddenly, in surroundings which had not led me to expect anything like this, and the words rang out like a pistol-shot, startling me into rigid attention. I read them over again, and now they were like a trumpet-call, a clarion summons to a mighty people, a high command:—

*"Forget not, Mugwort, what thou didst reveal."*

I could hear the words ringing in my ears; in my mind's eye I saw a theatre packed with people, and on the stage a great actor declaiming, with outflung hand, this tremendous line. "Forget not, Mugwort . . ." No, it was no mere play; it was real, vital, immediate! Though not, so far as I knew, a Mugwort myself, I felt my blood stirring in answer to the call. No, we Mugworts would not forget. A Mugwort's memory (I felt) is long; not

easily angered, when he is roused he is terrible in his wrath. Forget! I saw myself, the spokesman of the Mugworts, replying from a platform amid deafening applause:—

"Old men forget; but all shall be forgot,  
But we'll remember, with advantages . . ."

I began to ask myself what a Mugwort was.

The book which I was reading was a collection of Anglo-Saxon charms—a strange context for this sudden blazing summons to the Mugworts of the world. And yet, the charms themselves were rather strange; they had an obscurity about them, a careless absence of any attempt at explaining things to the reader, that gave the impression of dark currents running beneath the surface. One sensed that all was not well, that there was more in these charms than met the eye. The first charm set the tone for the whole collection. Headed simply

"FOR A SUDDEN STITCH"

it began, without preamble or explanation, as follows:—

"Feverfew and the red nettle that grows through the house and plantain; boil in butter—

Loud were they, lo! loud, when they rode over the hill,  
Resolute were they when they rode over the land . . ."

and so on in a similar strain for upwards of twenty lines. The charm then concluded with these words—

"Be thou well; may the Lord help thee.

Take then the knife, plunge it into the liquid."

And that, I give you my solemn word, is the end. Anything less like an ending I have seldom seen; but there the charm stops. You will agree, I think, that it leaves the reader feeling not a little dissatisfied; we would hear more about feverfew and the red nettle that grows through the house and plantain. And what of the cryptic and macabre direction, "boil in butter"? Why butter? Above all, why does the writer suddenly break off, like one surprised in a guilty act, and recite a couple of dozen lines of blank verse? Probably it is to put us off the scent; and if this is so one would expect the whole sense of the charm to be contained in the prose at the beginning



*"Um, I don't much like that cough."  
"I don't neither."*

and the final line. The vital part would then read as follows:—

"Feverfew and the red nettle that grows through the house and plantain; boil in butter. Take then the knife, plunge it into the liquid."

But what knife? This is the first we have heard of knives, and the word has a sinister ring. "Take then the knife—" No, I do not not like it. Personally I am inclined to believe that the blankverse part of the charm is in code and contains the really vital information, but I should be extremely loath to attempt to decode it. The whole business has a dangerous look about it, and I for one am quite content to let the matter drop. One feels that the man who looked too curiously into this cryptogram might one day have a knife slipped between his ribs. He might even be boiled in—no, we will inquire no further into this.

It is evident that we must proceed warily in our investigation of the nature of Mugworts. It may well be that the Mugworts resent outsiders prying into their domestic affairs; and it would be a foolhardy fellow, obviously, who would provoke a Mugwort. And yet—what is a Mugwort?

At the end of the charm which opens with that stirring call to the Mugworts I found this strange direction, which for a moment seemed to shed a glimmer of light on the subject:—

"Mugwort, plantain which is open eastward, lamb's cress, cock's-spur grass, mayweed, nettle, crab-apple, thyme and fennel, old soap; crush the herbs to dust, mix with the soap and with the apple's juice."

What the soap has got to do with it I cannot imagine, unless it is put in merely to confuse the issue. There it is, however—"old soap"—and we must make what we can of it. It would hardly be safe to ignore it, since it may be an essential part of the charm. In this event the question of exactly how old it has to be, and whether it should be allowed to mature in the lump or as separate cakes becomes of some importance. Soap or no soap, however (and from what little I know of the Anglo-Saxons I am disposed to set down the soap as a forgery, a transcriber's emendation or a *lapsus calami*), the rest of the items are tolerably clear. The writer himself refers to them quite definitely as "herbs." It would seem, therefore, that *mugwort is a herb*.

But this theory, though plausible enough at a first glance, cannot long be entertained by any thoughtful reader. Are we to suppose that the

mighty exhortation, the spirit-stirring cry—

"Forget not, Mugwort, what thou didst reveal"

is addressed to a variety of plantain? A thousand times no! We are indeed a race of slaves, of jobbing gardeners, if we can believe this glorious line, fitted to steel a hero's heart, to be no more than empty rhetoric falling on the deaf ears of an insentient herb. It cannot be—it is not so! The challenge is flung to the Mugworts of the world to disprove the servile calumny; nor

will they be slow to respond. Mayweed, lamb's cress, crab-apple, thyme and cock's-spur grass may be crushed to dust and mingled with superannuated soap; but Mugwort never. The Mugworts will not forget.

"Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the service which it was proposed to organize for happily married couples at Slough Parish Church, mentioned in these columns last week, has had to be cancelled."

South Bucks Gazette.

Not so much of that sniggering, please.



Road Sense



## Ghost Story

"AND at what time," I asked, "does the ghost usually walk?" My hostess, who lets rooms in her house in Kensington to eke out her dwindling dividends, handed me a second cup of tea. "He usually comes up the stairs," she said, "between now and supper-time."

I am a sensible middle-aged woman who has hunted big game in Africa, and I don't believe in ghosts. Nevertheless it has always been my ambition to meet one. I took the liberty therefore of asking whether I might stay on to supper so that even if it arrived late I might have an opportunity of catching a glimpse of it. My hostess did not seem very much pleased at this suggestion, but she finally consented to let me stay, and we played ludo and listened for the ghost until half-past seven, when she went off to the kitchen to scramble some eggs for supper.

"But what if it comes while you're in the kitchen?" I said. "How am I to know it's coming?"

"Oh, you can't miss it," she said. "It has quite a heavy creaky tread and sounds like an ordinary human being. If you leave this sitting-room door open you'll hear it distinctly."

She went out and left the door open. I listened intently and for a while I heard nothing. But at exactly twenty-three minutes to eight there was the sound of a door shutting on the ground-floor and very clearly I heard footsteps ascending the stairs. My heart began to beat with the same sort of excitement as when I shot my first rhinoceros thirty years ago. I rose quickly and went out on the dark landing. Among

the *chinoiserie* that adorned the wall and on which the light from the sitting-room fell was a battle-axe. I took it down. I decided that I would see what stuff this ghost was made of.

I stepped behind a cupboard near the turn of the stairs and waited with the weapon in my hand. The footsteps came nearer. A dim form, a somewhat portly one, loomed up from the lower flight of stairs. It looked like a deep dense shadow and was not, as one might have expected, either luminous or transparent. It also made, as my hostess had said it would, a considerable amount of noise. The stairs creaked under its weight.

"Well, here goes!" I thought. "I'll push the handle of this battle-axe into it and see whether it is merely composed of black vapours."

I came out from my hiding-place just as the figure was about to turn and mount the next flight of stairs. I raised the handle of the battle-axe and, using it as a sort of lance, I charged forwards and pressed the blunted end of it into the centre of the figure where the waistcoat buttons should have been. The figure yielded a little, but not much. It seemed to be solid but resilient. What's more it let out a loud yell that echoed through the house. Then it sprang into the air and, seizing the banisters, started to hurry up the next flight of stairs as fast as it could.

"I'll just see where it goes to," I thought. "I'll track it down to its lair."

I followed it hastily up to the next landing. It rushed into a room on the right and would have closed the door behind it, but I managed to insert my foot between the jamb and the door. I

gradually forced the door open and went in. The figure shrieked and made a dive towards the corner of the dark room.

"I'll lay this ghost out flat," I told myself grimly. "I'll make him think twice before he walks up and down these stairs again."

Waving the battle-axe in the air, I dashed after it and dealt it a sharp blow on the top of the head with the flat of the axe-blade. There was a deep resonant sound as though I had struck a hollow piece of wood. The figure spun round two or three times and then disappeared under what I vaguely discerned was a bed, and it crouched there very still.

My hostess called out from downstairs and asked me what I was doing.

"I've just laid out your ghost," I shouted back triumphantly. "Come up and see it."

She approached the room rather gingerly. "Where is it?" she asked.

"It's here under the bed," I said. "But I can't find the electric-light switch."

She switched on the light. We both glanced under the bed. A stout, red-faced and very human-looking lady was hiding there blinking at us.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed.

"Doesn't that look exactly like me?"

"Like you?" said my hostess. "Don't be foolish! That's the lady who came here to tea."

"Who came here to tea!" I echoed. "Then who the dickens am I, may I ask?"

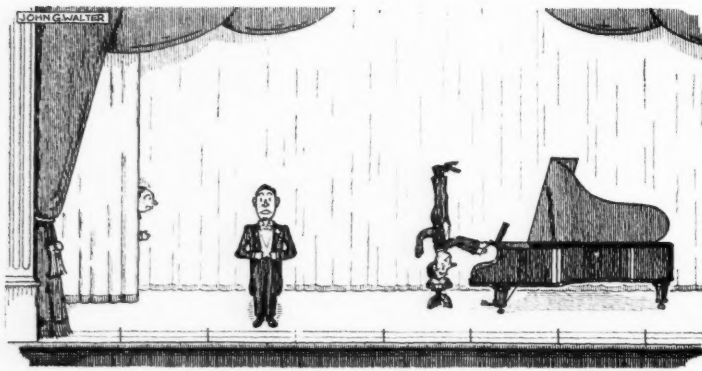
"You?" said my hostess, looking rather surprised. "Why, you're a stockbroker. You're one of my lodgers."

I almost fell over backwards. A stockbroker! I went over to the dressing-table and examined myself in the mirror. What I saw there was not very reassuring. From my wiry moustache down to my warm woollen underwear I looked every inch a stockbroker.

"Well, how very odd!" I thought to myself. "One moment I'm a lady of independent means who has shot rhinoceroses in Africa and now I'm a stockbroker of all things! I wonder what I shall be next?"

If I were superstitious I would be inclined to think that there was something supernatural about all this. Being a sceptic, however, I realise that it must simply be another of those peculiar phenomena for which it is difficult at the moment to find a rational explanation.

At any rate the main thing is that I must get up early to-morrow morning and go up to the City—wherever that may be.



"Is there a psychiatrist in the audience?"





*"Oi couldn't breeve, so farver punched some more 'oles in it."*

## *I Love The Poor*

*(With salutations to "V. G.")*

**I** LOVE the poor (of course I mean the kind  
Who "used to have things *very* different,"  
But now have left that solvent sweet content  
Far, far behind).

I love the gallant way they bear their state,  
Putting the best tiara up the spout,  
Popping the Queen Anne gilt and hacking out  
The Georgian plate.

I share with them the torment of their souls,  
Whether, to keep the wolf from the oak door,  
To sell the super-charged Mercedes or  
The "sixty" Rolls.

I do not grudge their little quips and cracks,  
I smile affectionately when they say,

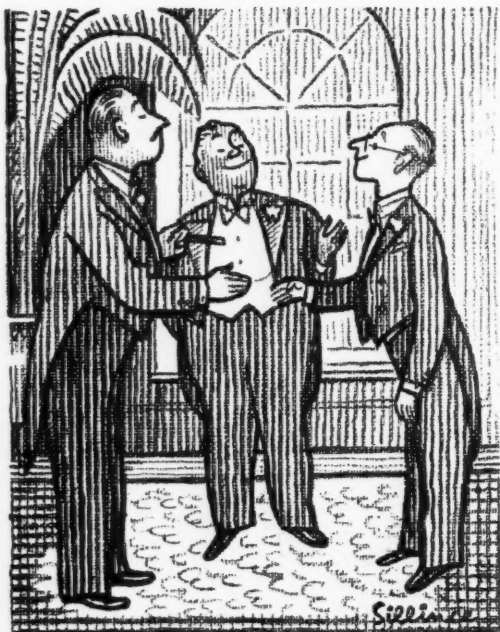
"It's easier for you because you pay  
No super-tax."

Let us not scoff. I have no kind of doubt  
For them to cut their household staff to ten  
Is just as comfortless and grim as when  
My maid goes out.

Caviar is no more luxury to them  
Than cheese to me. I'd need to be as brave  
To give up beer as they are when they waive  
Château Yquem.

So I repeat—and without even half  
A sneer—I love the poor; but none the less  
There are occasions when, I must confess,  
They make me laugh.

M. D.



"Meet Freddie Fleabane. He's the husband of April, the actress, who owns Zephyr, which won the Minchster Stakes."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### The Turning of the Hands

IN March of 1854 the Tsar of RUSSIA received his first word of a British ultimatum from the pages of a London newspaper, and two years later a special edition of the same famous journal published news of his surrender before it reached the Government. The Second Volume of *The History of "The Times"* is concerned with the epoch when Chief Proprietor JOHN WALTER III. was enthroned at Printing House Square with JOHN THADEUS DELANE as Grand Vizier. In those happy days when people actually read column after column of leading articles, when British Ministries were willing to share their secrets in return for the latest news from abroad and a daily circulation of sixty thousand was a marvel in a Victorian world of marvels, there really was an air of monarchy, in spite of impertinent and increasing competition, about the Thunderer. In this instalment—*The Tradition Established* (15/-)—issued with traditional ceremonial, amplitude and anonymity from the traditional address, the frequent triumphs, the occasional regrettable incidents and the decision to retain a courtly price are discussed with complete frankness and a wholesome conviction that a periodical publication may be a public utility. If DELANE, the genius for news, figures most bravely, there is still room to notice many famous contributors. The war correspondents come into their own, with W. H. RUSSELL in the lead, and so incidentally do rotary presses and cylindrical stereo-plates. Machine type-setting and scare headlines are still in the future.

### Over the Water

To the loyal little Court of exiles round "JAMES III." at Rome letter-writing came perhaps more naturally during banishment than it had in happier days. The rising of 1715 was followed by the '45. Both meant plans to be concerted with sympathisers in England, Scotland and France; bickerings among the clansmen to be composed; and pensions to be granted (if the means held out) by that patient, kindly and long-suffering husband, father and sovereign, the OLD CHEVALIER. A delightful new selection of letters from *The Stuart Papers at Windsor* (MURRAY, 12/6), perfectly edited by Miss HENRIETTA and the late Mr. ALISTAIR TAYLER, gives unrivalled self-portraits of JAMES, CLEMENTINA, the Princes CHARLES and HENRY, MAR the turncoat, MAR's charming wife, Lady INVERNESS, her "Dear Body" Lord INVERNESS (also addressed, *à propos* of a Scots-Jewish currency scheme, as "Yr Lop"), and a host of lesser notabilities. The palm for attractiveness among the last-named should perhaps be given to JAMES's devoted secretary, EDGAR, whose order for Scots food to be landed at Leghorn—"Ratray codlings, mutton hams and Montrose oat bannocks"—is a masterpiece of that nostalgia of the palate for which the exiled Scot is world-famous.

### Germany in the Catacombs

According to Mr. WILLIAM TEELING, who has spent the last two years studying Catholicism under HITLER, the religious pitch was largely (but of course accidentally) queered by the Vatican's initial effort to secure an anti-Bolshevik bulwark in Germany at any cost. The one inspiring rule of life capable of opposing National Socialism at the outset did not do so, while by subsequent half-hearted collaboration and necessary opposition it got itself scheduled as Public Enemy No. 2, with an ominous right of succession when the Red bugbear should have served its turn. This is not the first time that Teutonic Christianity has had to face the totalitarian menace, and Mr. TEELING prefaces the results of his own inquisition by a useful précis of Church history. His contemporary evidence, mainly from



"I'm sorry, dear—I didn't notice the basin was chipped."

Hamburg, Berlin, Munich and Düsseldorf, is inevitably rather scrappy, and its handling does not always suggest the attitude of "spirituality first" which he urges so persistently on the authorities. The most exhilarating passages in *Crisis for Christianity* (GIFFORD, 10/6) are those dealing with the Catholic social renaissance of the 'fifties and 'sixties under KETTELER, Bishop of Mainz, and ADOLPH KOLPING of *Gesellenverein* fame.

### Irony

MR. ANTHONY POWELL'S novels contain successively more and more of what might be called plot, and they do not become on that account less enjoyable. His fifth, *What's Become of Waring?* (CASSELL, 7/6)—the title has a query on the wrapper but nowhere else in the book except where BROWNING'S lines are quoted—has almost too many coincidences and interconnections among the characters, and perhaps to reveal them here would take the bloom off the story for some readers; but there must still be many who would read with delight anything of Mr. POWELL'S for the manner alone. He seems now to have reached a characteristic individual balance between what *Afternoon Men* suggested were his two main influences, HEMINGWAY and WYNDHAM (Tarr) LEWIS. His dry detached irony, his inspired reporting of detail and dialogue, his wit, his ability to suggest character and his complete avoidance of any kind of padding all show to great advantage in this story of a travel-book writer whom nobody knew and everybody wondered about. For almost the first time in a POWELL book, too, there is at least one character with whom one feels a certain sympathy. The whole thing is extremely readable and entertaining.

### The Ambassador's Vade-Mecum

MR. HAROLD NICOLSON has deserted the diplomatic service, in which he might have had a career as distinguished as his father's, for literature, politics and the microphone. But a handbook on *Diplomacy* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 5/-) which he has written for the admirable Home University Library shows that he has remained faithful to his old love in his fashion, for he has evidently written it *con amore* as well as with knowledge and wisdom. He not only holds in respect an historic profession—prehistoric he considers it to be in its origins—but believes in its continued utility even in an age of "open diplomacy," conferences and flying Ministers of State. Not that he altogether condemns these innovations, but he draws a just and necessary distinction

between policy and negotiation, and holds that while undue secrecy in regard to the former has sometimes proved dangerous, discretion in the conduct of the latter is always salutary. For the rest his book contains everything that a young aspirant to a diplomatic career ought to know and much of value even to a *doyen* of the Corps, who, if he



Phil May  
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Tenor (singing). "Oh, 'APPY, 'APPY, 'APPY BE THY DREAMS—"

Professor. "STOP, STOP! WHY DON'T YOU SOUND THE H?"

Tenor. "IT DON'T GO NO 'IGHER THAN G!"

Phil May, February 26th, 1898.

possesses all the virtues that Mr. NICOLSON deems requisite and is free of all the failings that he deems fatal, will be a paragon indeed. Lucidly and gracefully written, garnished with apt historical illustrations, and illuminated with a continual flicker of wit, it will bring both profit and pleasure to everyone interested to know how our world is kept in such equilibrium as it may boast.

### Help for Collectors

MESSRS. DULAU offer a limited edition of a handsome American folio, *Flower and Fruit Prints* (£4.4s.), by GORDON DUNTHORNE, who has compiled with unbridled industry a catalogue raisonné of a hundred-and-fourteen eighteenth and early nineteenth century publications—English, American, French, Italian and German. They include seedsmen's lists got up regardless of expense to beguile the nobility and gentry, botanical treatises scientific and popular, models for art students and designers. There are eighty full-page illustrations. Those engraved by a modern variant of the photo-mechanical half-tone colour process reproduce the colour and texture of the original plates with remarkable faithfulness; and the monochrome illustrations are excellent in tone and clear in detail. Perhaps the most useful feature of the book is the concise and lucid explanation of the technique of the pre-photographic processes—line and stipple engraving, etching, mezzotint, aquatint, which, mastered, should be invaluable to the print-collector.

### Fierce Fiction

Eighteenth-century India was doubtless a fantastic place, but Mr. H. E. RAYZER has added to its grotesqueness in *The Pagoda Tree* (CRESSET PRESS, 7/6) by writing it up dramatically in journalistic style with plenty of full-stops. The plot is simple and not much heeded, the emphasis being on the characters. These are interesting but extravagant. The heroine experiences curious physical emotions all through the book. The wicked Begum displays "a static, serpent-weighted power" until she gets throttled by one of the victims of her cruelty. Nature joins in the fun with the evening sun stretching "its tentacles of heat like some intent, soft-bellied, brazen-shelled mollusc." The climax of jollity is reached with the introduction of an Italian priest: "The one activity that did give the padre pleasure was the baptism of dying infants." Fiction may after all be stranger than truth.

### Prussian Princess

If most revolutions fail to let the lower orders into the luxurious life of the upper classes, they at least have the even more beneficent effect of letting the upper classes out. Take the case of Princess FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD, whose *Behind the Scenes at the Prussian Court* (MURRAY, 15/-) is less concerned with the domestic affairs of the KAISER than with his intolerable intrusions into those of others. A Schleswig-Holsteiner by birth, the Princess made a love-match into the House of Prussia, and both she and her husband paid the penalty. Their household officials were chosen from Berlin. They might not travel except by permission, and even when incognito in England were perpetually shadowed by a chamberlain in cotton gloves. The Princess was forbidden to ride a bicycle, and as punishment for a skating accident the whole Court was put under *Haus Arrest* for a fortnight. Her little sons were forcibly transferred to a military academy; her only daughter was wedded by command to an entirely unsuitable partner. Looking back on this world of futility, no wonder the grandmother who was once so queasy a royal bride in a high-sprung gold coach is glad it is all over.

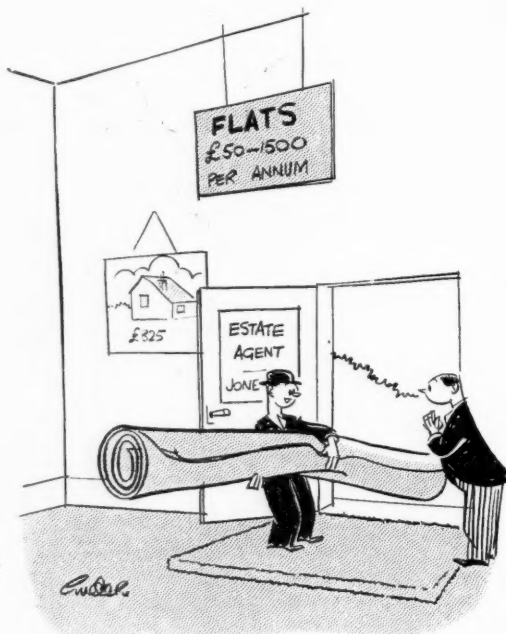
### Mr. Fortune

The hero of *The Great Game* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), expresses an opinion that he would have done better work if he had been more confident in himself. To which his friend Lomas replied with horror and alarm, "My dear Reginald, not that, for God's sake!" Indeed it would not be easy to find in Mr. H. C. BAILEY's latest detective story any conspicuous exhibitions of Mr. Fortune's modesty. But if he is some-

times annoying—and he irritated violently one man who was engaged on the same series of mysteries and murders—he is always shrewd and, what is rarer with fiction's investigators, often kind and considerate. Here Mr. BAILEY has taken a countryside that had been to a considerable extent transformed into an industrial area, and has given a full measure of malice to more than one of its inhabitants. It is a fine field for Mr. Fortune's peculiar qualities, but if his creator allows him to eat and drink so freely and to drive his car so fast one fears he may shortly be incapacitated by illness or fatally injured.

"VALENTINES, 2 FOR 3D."—Shop-card.

"How happy could I be with either . . ."



"Have you a flat to fit a carpet this size?"

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